Nim. The'good humor is to ſteale at a minuntes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay · the wiſe it call : Steale ? foh : a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy : I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne ?

Piſt. I ken the wight ; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, *I* will tell you what *I* am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll* ; (*I*ndeede *I* am in the waſt two yards about ; but *I* am now about no waſte : *I* am about thrift) briefely ; *I* doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife ; *I* ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation ; *I* can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will ; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe ; will that humor paſſe ?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe ; he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine ; and to her Boy ſay *I*.

Ni The humor riſes : it is good ; humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her ; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too ; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads ; ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe ; here's another letter to her ; She beares the Purſe too ; Shee is a Region in *Guiana* ; all gold, and bountie ; *I* will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee ; they

ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt *I*ndies, and *I* will trade both ; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page* ; this to Miſtris *Ford* ; wee will thriue (Lads) thriue.

Piſt. Shall *I* Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele ? then Lucifer take a

Ni. I will run no baſe humor ; here take the hum
I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones ; g
Trudge ; plod away ith' hoofe : ſeeke ſhelter, packe
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *F*

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd, a
holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and po
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations.
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge ?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele ?

Ni. With both the humors, *I* ;
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piſt. And *I* to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue ; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humor ſhall not coole ; *I* will incen
to deale with poyſon ; *I* will poſſeſſe him wit
neſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous ; th
true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents* ;
thee ; troope on.

Exeunt.